

"well then, maybe you would like to hear
the true story of the creation"

"that's enough!" i bellow,
through resounding tunnels of phlegm,
as i struggle to free myself of the bedclothes.

"what was that?!" i hear the witnesses
inquire in a quaver.

"i said, that's enough!" i roar,
rolling to my feet.

"that?" my beloved daughter replies,
"oh that was just my father. he's the
BIGGEST atheist of us all."

then i hear the door slam and
her footsteps on the hardwood floors:

"it's okay," she reassures me; "they seem
to be skipping the rest of the homes on this block."

and i know that she is going to be
much more than okay also.

NEVER MAKE UNREASONABLE DEMANDS

trying to shock them,
the expert on felonious mutilations
asks, rhetorically,

"have you ever wondered what the inside of
your peeled-back scalp would look like?"

toad can only reply,

"no, my dermatologist has always
more than had his hands full
just trying to keep my epidermis
presentable."

LEAVING YOURSELF BEHIND

toad's only motivation
for earning a million bucks
would be to bequeath to his university
a generously endowed

Chair of Misogyny.